

very nicely and kindly, and I felt as if I could soon be friends with him.

He asked me if any one named Phebe Brown lived at our house. I said, no; we did not know the name at all. He looked very much surprised then, and said he had just come from Linwick, and the clergyman there had told him that she lived at our house.

‘Oh!’ I said directly, ‘I know who you mean. You mean Skinny. Yes; she has lived here for a very long time.’

You see, I had quite forgotten that her proper name was Phebe Brown, because we never called her anything but Skinny. The gentleman looked so funny, and laughed all over his face, and said,—

‘Why in the world have you given her such an ugly name as that? It’s just like a cat’s name. Did she ever do anything to vex you?’

I told him she had not vexed us at all, we all loved her very much; but when first we knew her, the people in the village called her Skinny, because she was all skin and bone. She had to work so hard, and she did not get enough to eat, and she said she should like us to call her Skinny too, because it seemed to belong to her more than her own name.